

Andrea O.

### All Summer in a Day (My ending)

Previously: They unlocked the door, even more slowly, and let Margot out.

My turn: Margot came out with her eyes so red; it seemed they even glowed. Her hands had bruises forming on them from banging on the door. Her face was whiter than ever, as if she were now a ghost. Then, as if someone had been controlling her, she walked to the end and out of the tunnel; finally she stepped outside to the cold rain beating all over her.

The other kids, who had tears raining down their cheeks (and wild flowers they had collected at the forest), slowly, very slowly, went outside under a tiny rooftop and watched as Margot stared up the sky, crying, yet silent. The last one to come out into the open was William, who had been the rudest to Margot and only then did he start crying once he saw Margot staring at the dark, cloudy, empty sky.

Margot had felt anger, and sadness, and the worst pain she's ever had, once the rest of her classmates let her out that dark, cold closet. Then, she remembered. She remembered the Sun as she stared up the dark, cloudy, empty sky. She remembered far away memories, clearly as if it all happened yesterday. She remembered Ohio, and her mom braiding her sunshine-colored-hair, the color it used to be, and she remembered the Sun and its golden sunshine, its golden rays. Her memories drained all her pain away. She forgot her anger, and sadness, and the worst pain she had felt just a minute ago.

Even though Margot was getting wet and was still crying, the memories brightened her day already. At last, the kids, one by one, with wild “flowers” on their hands walked towards Margot and handed her the wild beauty they had collected. William was the one that had the largest bouquet of wild beauty on his hands, he was the last one, again, to walk towards Margot and make *her* bouquet of wild beauty even bigger!

“You were right,” said William.

“What do you mean?” responded Margot.

“The sun is like a flower that blooms for just one hour. And the Sun is also like a penny, and like a fire in the stove. You were right,” William explained.

“I... I guess so, now that you’ve seen the sun, and now that you’ve experienced its heat and light, and power. I guess you will now understand me, and why I am the way I am. You will remember the sun, and once the next seven years arrive, you will have a memory refresh about the sun,” Margot told everyone sort of agreeing she was right about the sun.

Margot walked inside, and into the classroom with a trail of other kids behind her. As she walked she knew she would never forget that day. It was so special because she finally had people that understood her; people that she knew wouldn’t judge her from now on only because she refuses to use sun lamps and because she won’t sing in class, unless the song is about the sun.

Margot now knew that that day she had been hit by friendship; she had finally, for the first time in years, people that understood her. Margot didn’t mind the fact that she hadn’t seen

the sun, what mattered to her now was the fact that people understood her. Margot knew her life in Venus would totally change, that is until next year, take off year.